

The history

Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stufte for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who as *Ulysses* sayes opinion crownes,
With an imperiall voyce many are infect,
Ajax is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place

As broad *Achilles*: keepes his Tent like him,
Makes factious feasts, railes on our state of warre,
Bould as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*

A slave, whose gall coynes slanders like a mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken our discredit, our exposure
How ranke so euer rounded in with danger.

Ulysses. They taxe our pollicie, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the warre,
Forfall prescience, and esteeme no act
But that of hand, the still and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands shall strike,
When fitnessse calls them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruant toyle the enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
They call this bed-worke, mappry, Closter warre,
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,
For the great twinge and rudenesse of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fuctie of their soules,
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse

Makes many *Thetis* sonnes,

Agam. What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*:

Mene. From Troy.

Agam. What would you fore our tent:

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?

Agam. Euen this.

Aene. May one that is a Herral and a Prince,

Do a faire message to his Kingly eyes?

Agam. With fury stronger then *Achilles* arme;

Fore

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Fore all the Greekeish heads, which with one voice,
Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.

Aene. Faire leaue and large security, how may
A strangerto those most imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Aene. I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush, (Phœbus,
Modest as morning, when shee coldly eyes the youtfull
Which is that god, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.

Agam. This Iroian scornes vs, or the men of Troy,
Are cceremonious Courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
As bending Angels, that their fame in peace:
But when they would seeme soldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, strong ioints, true sword, & great *Iones* accord
Nothing so full of heart: but peace *Aeneas*,
Peace Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth,
If that the praisd him-selfe bring the praise forth.

But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends,

Agam. Sir you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*:

Aene. I Greeke, that is my name.

Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, tis for *Agamemnons* cares.

Agam. He heeres naught priuately that comes from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his seat on that attentiu bent,
And then to speake.

Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,
Hee tels thee so himselfe.

Aene. Trumpet blowe alowd,
Send thy brasse voyce through all these lazie tents,

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And